Speake, for I dare the vttermoſt you can.
Mur In and out vpon occaſion I know you not.
kin. No, didſt thou not ſay, that ſir Iohn Old-caſtle,
Was one with whom you purpoſed to haue met?
Mur. True I did ſay ſo, but in what reſpect,
Becauſe I heard it was reported ſo.
king. Was there no other argument but that?
Act. To cleere my conſcience ere I dye my Lord,
I muſt confeſſe we haue no other ground
But onely rumour to accuſe this Lord,
Which now I ſee was meerely fabulous.
kin. The more pernitious you to taint him then,
Whom you know was not faulty, yea or no.
Cob. Let this my Lord, which I preſent your grace
Speake for my loyalty, reade theſe Articles,
And then giue ſentence of my life or death.
kin. Earle Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray corrupted
With bribes from Charles of France, either to win
My Crowne from me, or ſecretly contriue
My death by Treaſon? Iſt poſſible?
Cob. There is the platforme, and their hands, my Lord,
Each ſeuerally ſubſcribed to the ſame.
kin. Oh neuer heard of baſe ingratitude!
Euen thoſe I hug within my boſome moſt,
Are readieſt euermore to ſting my heart.
Pardon me Cobham, I haue done thee wrong,
Heereafter I will liue to make amends.
Is then their time of meeting ſo neere hand?
Weele meete with them, but little for their eaſe,
If God permit. Go take theſe Rebels hence,
Let them haue martiall law: but as for thee,
Friend to thy King and Country, ſtill be free. *exeunt*
Mur. Be it more or leſſe, what a world is this?
Would I had continued ſtill of the order of knaues,
And nere ſought knight-hood, ſince it coſts
So deere: ſir Roger I may thanke you for all.

Acton

Acton. Now 'tis too late to haue
I prethee Murley do not vrge me
Hun. VVill you away, and mak
Mur. Fie paltry, paltry, too and
If you be ſo haſty, take my place.
Hun. No good ſir knight, eene t
Mur. I could be glad to giue m

Enter Biſhop, Lord Warden, Cromer and attendan

Biſh. I tell ye Lady, it's not poſſib
But you ſhould know where he c
And you haue hid him in ſome ſe
La. My Lord beleeue me, as I h
I know not where my Lord my h
Biſh. Go too, go ye are an heretik
And will be forc'd by torture to
If faire meanes will not ſerue to m
La. My husband is a noble Gen
And neede not hide himſelfe for
That ere I heard of, therefore wr
Biſh. Your husband is a danger
Traitor to God, the King, and C
And therefore M. Cromer ſhreeu
I charge you take her to your cu
And ſeize the goods of Sir Iohn
To the Kings vſe; let her go in n
To fetch ſo much as her apparrel
There is your warrant from his
L.War. Good my Lord Biſhop
Againſt the Ladie.
Biſh. Then let her confeſſe
VVhere Old-caſtle her husband
L.War. I dare engage mine ho
Poore Gentlewoman, ſhe is ign
And innocent of all his practiſes

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